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Providence, May 5, 1859.

My dear Helen:

As a loving husband, if not as an agent of the State A. S. Society, I am in duty bound to report progress, since I kissed you and the little ones, and said to all at home, "good bye."

My trip to Taunton, on Thursday afternoon, was a quick one. Thirty-five miles in one hour and thirty-five minute, (including stoppages,) was rapid travelling. My arrival gave much relief to the Taunton friends, who were somewhat appehensive about it. I lectured in the evening to a pretty good audience, in Mr. Emery's meeting-house. He was present, and made a prayer, though no "Garrisonite." Saw a few anti-slavery friends privately, but none of your acquaintance. Friday forenoon, I left in the stage for Fall River. Arrived at S. B. Chace's house, at 10 o'clock. He was absent, on a visit to Grafton. - Sarah Buffum had gone to attend the Convention in Philadelphia. Mrs. Chace and a younger sister were at home, and gave me an agreeable entertainment. Called on several friends, and had several call on me. Addressed a good audience, in the evening, in Mr. Fowler's meeting-house. Fowler himself hates me as bad as he does a rattlesnake — chiefly because I am "a Quaker." Four or five clergymen were present, two of them in the pulpit. Yesterday morning, I left in the steam-boat for this, your native place. Found that the meeting for my lecture had been appointed for the evening, in the Masonic Hall — anticipated a very thin audience, but was agreeably disappointed. The Hall was crowded — Dr. Slack and his wife were among those present. Was introduced to them, and to some others. My address was listened to with profound attention. I hope it was not spoken in vain. Time will determine.

11 Oms

Phebe gave me a welcome reception, as usual. Her mother is in comfortable health. Henry Jackson's wife is staying awhile here. I have had no controversy with her, on any subject. She is just one of those who were "spoilt in the making" — a strange compound, most certainly. If I were fool enough to marry such a woman, I am sure I should be wise enough to runaway from her — as often as circumstances might warrant. This, sub rosa. Phebe thinks she shall not be able to visit Boston this summer. Sylvia Ammidon and Miss Miller took tea with us last evening, and were present at my lecture. Sylvia is on a short visit here, and is pretty well. She and Phebe are to be present at a colored wedding this evening. I called to see Charlotte yesterday afternoon — found the family all well. George Henry has a very bad humor in his face, which covers both cheeks, and makes him look badly — but it does not affect his general health. While I was there, James Anthony's wife came in with her babe, a girl, 6 months old, and weighing 24 pounds — a real bouncer. This forenoon, I went to the Quaker meeting — heard John Meeder preach, of whom, I am told, sister Mary thought [illegible] highly as a preacher. But, if his harangue to-day, was a fair specimen of his preaching, I should much rather he would be silent, than speak. This afternoon I am to go to Coventry, to address the Kent County Young Men's A. S. Society. Some of our modern pharisees, who have not yet learnt that a man is better than a sheep, will consider this a profanation of the Sabbath! When I return from Coventry, I will finish the remainder of this scrawl.

Monday afternoon — 3 o'clock.

I rode to Coventry in company with a young Quaker friend, Daniel Gould. Stopped at his father's, and had a delightful time. There are not less than ten children in the family, (and you know I like to see a house full,) all intelligent, and through-going abolitionists. The two eldest daughters are interesting girls — one of them is very pretty indeed. Benjamin Green and wife, and Dorcas, came in while we were resting

a little from our side. The Dr. had a cold and cough, so as to prevent his accompanying them. We all started off for the meeting, carrying a small congregation with us. On arriving at the meeting-house, found it completely filled. The audience listened to my discourse with unbroken attention. After the meeting, there was quite an amicable strife among the friends, as to who should secure me at their homes for the night. I told them that I was a non-resistant, and whoever used the most compulsion would get me, of course. - It was finally agreed, that Dr. Peleg Clarke should return with me to friend Gould's, where we would take tea, and then I should go home with the Dr., and stay with him all night — a distance of three miles. Benjamin Greene and his wife, and Dorcas, also stayed to tea, so that we had a very pleasant time of it. This morning Dr. Clarke brought me to town in his carriage. On the way, we called at Rowland Greene's — saw him and all the family. A most hearty reception I had from them all. The old lady was the "same old sixpence," worth at least a good many guineas. Freelove was at home — also, a married sister from Albany, with a whole troop of children. Benjamin's little boy is "as fat as butter," and "as good as pie" — a bright, intelligent, dear child. Many inquiries were made after you and the children, and mother, and much love desired to you.

I dined to-day at Charlotte's. Her little Joseph pleases me prodigiously, because he resembles my sweet little Willie so closely. We had a fine time together. Charlotte looks as young and fair as she did the first time I ever saw her. Henry is immersed in business.

I have just returned from a visit to Eliza J. Davis, who has been staying at her mother's, for some time. She has had a severe attack of the quinsy, and looks quite altered from what she did when I last saw her. Her babe resembles her strongly, and is interesting. I did not see Mrs. Chace, as she was with Harriet, who is threatened with a fever. Eliza longs to see you, and to have you visit Providence — so, indeed, do a multitude of friends. Mary Chace will go with friend Davis and myself to New-

York this afternoon, as a delegate from the Female A. S. Society. We shall go by the way of Stonington.

I see by the papers, that an attempt was made, a few days since, to blow up the Anti-Slavery Depository in Hartford, by some villains. Considerable damage was done, but, fortunately, no one injured. I am told that bro. George was in the building at the time, writing a letter, which he coolly finished after the explosion.

Single Sheet

Wm. Lloyd Garrison,

Boston,

Mass.

[Birney is out in the last Emancipator, with a long article, blowing up the non-resistance abolitionists. It is unfair, unmanly, and proscriptive, and shows that there is to be a desperate struggle this week at New-York. I anticipate a breaking up of our whole organization. But my mind is calm and peaceful. The Lord of hosts is my rock and refuge.

What more need I now say, than that I desire you to kiss the dear boys for me, give my love to dear mother, and accept for yourself the renewed assurances of my affection and love?

Yours, in holy bonds, Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

[P. S. No intelligence from Brooklyn, except that Mrs. Robinson is dead.]